

End Of The Night

The Inchtabokatables

Working clothes are getting colorful
Dirt gets less noticeable
Grey facades of stone shimmering in lust
Even the food is likable
We've got the lord to care for us
He blinds our eyes
In spite of it we fall

Coming at full speed
Our aim is to curse creation
This is us waiting for revenge
Cause of the eating of the apple
Pain for knowledge
I'm looking for what everybody is looking
For the wide glare of the day
We won't find under the roofs of our hell

My lies are lies clear like those of a child
That doesn't want to tell grey from grey
I feel like a vandal without morals out
In the dark
And I don't want to end it in a woman's arms
There are causes for everything

We love the morning and the unknowing betrayal
No heights under the rainbow
No excuses for fascination
The faller falls the faller falls
Through the empty hours of his lost obsession

Gestures of our lust go with the waking
Of a day
At the end of a night